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QUEBEC,

THE HARP,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY W. F. HAWLEY.

Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cœcumina fagas
Assidue veniebat ; ibi hæc incondita, solus,
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani !

Vinc.

MONTREAL :

**PRINTED AT THE HERALD AND NEW
GAZETTE OFFICE.**

1829.

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HAWNEY, W F

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY W. F. HAWNEY

A. Ferguson, Printer.

1893

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TO

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JAMES KEMPT,

G. C. B., &c. &c. &c.

THIS VOLUME

IS,

BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

HIS EXCELLENCY'S

OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

W. F. HAWLEY.

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W. F. HAWLEY

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PREFACE.

CONFORMING to the general custom, the Author of the following Work, in first soliciting the patronage and favour of the Public, deems it consistent to give something of a prefatory nature :—He will not plead, in extenuation of the various faults which may appear, that these Pages were written amidst the turmoil of business, without forethought or reflection, or that they were thrown off from the brain as a redundancy, in some

hour of languid exhaustion—the common excuses for dulness ; well knowing that the world cares but little whence imperfections arise, and that no excuses can recommend stupidity, or raise a more favourable sentiment than pity, for its unavailing and awkward labours. That these Pieces were written as a pleasant amusement, is true. Most of them were composed with a view to publication ; and some of them, indeed, without any determinate object—the mere vagaries of a playful imagination. Of this class, is “ THE TRIUMPH OF ENVY ;” and, although the fastidious critic may be inclined to quarrel with its plot and imagery, he must

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acknowledge, that the evil held up to ridicule, cannot be too severely caricatured.

"THE HARP" is the Poem for which "THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS AND SCIENCES," in Quebec, were pleased to bestow upon the Author their Honorary Medal ; and happy will he be if this Volume shall be received by the Public in as favourable a manner. From honest criticism he will not shrink ; but as for those everlasting grumblers who find nothing but faults, he neither invites nor defies their growling—for growl they will whenever they open their mouths. Their criticisms are the

natural produce of splenetic minds, which may as well be bestowed on Poets as on Pug, or the Kitchen Maid. Their mouths are like the crater of a volcano, from which nothing can be expected but fire and brimstone ; and whose devastation recoils from the insensate rock, and settles into the flowery vale, replete with life and beauty.

MONTREAL, July 10th, 1829.

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QUEBEC.

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QUEBEC.

EARTH has no scene, however bright and fair,
Tho' golden floods and beauteous skies are there,
Unhallowed by the magic of the past,
With power its image in the heart to cast.
The sweetest flowers their crimson leaves may throw,
Unblest, unnoted, to the radiant glow
Of eastern suns ; the purest stream may glide,
Bright foliage twining o'er its silver tide,

Through vales of perfume, circling isles of light,
Unlov'd, unhonour'd, if no spell be cast
Upon those flowers, that stream, by love or glory ;
But bring the rich memorials of the past,
The hallowed legacy of ancient story,
And all is fair, and beautiful, and bright.

QUEBEC, thy name with magic power can start
The peace-bound pulses of the warrior's heart !
Above thy rocks a burning halo plays
To light the record of departed days,
And throws its rays o'er height, and rock, and flood,
To mark the Hero's triumph, or his blood.

Long o'er conflicting Europe Fame had thrown
His eagle-pinions, but no field, no flood
Appear'd, which ne'er had heard the soldier's groan,
Or drank the warm stream of his gushing blood :—

To trans-atlantic realms he bent his flight,
 Where glory ne'er had shed one beam of light,
 And hovering o'er QUEBEIS, settled there,
 Rob'd in the bright hues of the morning air.
 High on the Cape he stood, and cast his eye
 O'er the deep forest and unclouded sky :—
 Proudly beneath him roll'd a sun-lit tide,
 And o'er it fairy skiffs were seen to glide,
 Guided by dusky figures on their way,
 With seeming effort of a fairy's play.
 And, through the western vale which lay below,
 The same dark, visionary forms would go,
 Like the wing'd lightning in its brief career,
 Chasing along the streams the flying deer ;
 Now seen a moment, and now lost again,
 In the deep foliage of the spreading plain.
 " This spot be mine," he said ; " here death shall lay
 " My noblest children of a future day ;

“ And here shall glory weave his brightest wreath
“ Of laurel, for their youthful brows in death.”
Then, from the crystal rocks around, there came
Redoubled sparklings and a brighter flame ;
While on the cloud o’er Montmorenci’s height
The sun was seen to play in forms of light,
And gold and crimson flashes play’d around
The vapoury foldings of that misty mound.

Soon from these scenes the children of the wood
Retir’d, as came the Pale-face o’er the flood.
Those Christian plunderers of a simple train,
Who came to cleanse them from all earthly stain,
Gave the insidious draught, whose maddening sway
Stole both their senses and their lands away ;
And then, to quell their indignation, gave
A little part of what was theirs—a grave !

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Long years of savage conflict then came on—
 All bloodshed and confusion.—They are gone ;
 But still imagination hears the cry
 Of the wild Red-man, sprung from ambush nigh ;
 Sees the fierce gleaming of his eye, whose light
 Burns like the meteor through the shades of night,
 As tomahawk and unsheath'd scalping-knife
 Kindle the horrors of nocturnal strife.

Past are these scenes ; and passing too, are they
 Who o'er this western world once held the sway.
 Where now is gone the towering, martial form,
 Which heard as naught the conflict's gathering storm ;
 The bounding step ; the arm, whose sinewy strength
 Drew the long arrow to its utmost length ;
 The eye of fire, which guided on its way
 That death-stain'd arrow to its distant prey ?

Far in the western wild the Red-man still
Securely wanders by his native rill ;
But when the Pale-face beckons him away
From his last home, where shall the wanderer stray ?
Sons of the injured ! o'er the western main
Thy sun descends, never to rise again !

Away, inglorious themes ! and let us turn
To where the vestal lights of glory burn !
And tho', O WOLFE ! the poet's votive wreath
Can add no light to thy triumphant death ;
Yet, as the mountain's brow, at setting sun,
Shines with a flood of glory not its own,
So may thy cherish'd name a halo fling
Upon the poet's humble offering.
Thrice happy thou, in life's fair morn to be
Wedded in death to fame eternally.
Thy course was like the sun's, all light and flowers,
Shining thro' dazzling clouds and wreathed bowers ;

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Thy death his setting, where all beauteous things
Hover around on gold and crimson wings.

On Abram's Plains the storm of battle grew,
As Night his shadowy mantle round him drew,
And fled, affrighted at the wild uproar
On towering height, and from each forest hoar ;
As if a thousand fiends were on the air,
Spreading wild screams and wreaths sulphureous there.
There was the grappling of the fatal steel ;
The quick discharge of musket, peal on peal ;
The enlivening trumpet, and the shriek of death ;
The savage war-whoop, and the panting breath
Of hard press'd valour.— Here the veteran lay,
On his last field ; his locks of reverend grey
Died with the noble blood which ne'er again
Shall burn at hearing sound the martial strain :—

His country still his mistress, for whose weal
He brav'd the death-wing'd ball, or shining steel.
There lay the youthful soldier's graceful form,
Like some fair flower o'er which has pass'd the storm.
Gone is the burning cheek, the eagle eye,
Nor starts he tho' the foeman's shout be nigh ;
Gone, too, his dreams of her, who turn'd away,
And sicken'd at his plumes and bright array ;
Who, on that day, her first, her last kiss gave,
And said : " Be faithful still—and, O be brave !"

There is not, in this world of light and shade,
A sight more glorious than the warrior laid
Upon the battle-ground :—No vain parade—
No mocking pageant of funereal rite ;
No feigned moans, no hard-wrung tears are here !
His pall the shining heavens and sun-beams bright,
With the soft verdure of the field his bier.

And many a form of beauty press'd those Plains,

As roll'd the sable cloud of war away ;

The evening sun look'd forth on dust and stains,

Where shone at morn that gallant, bright array.

The star of even look'd on Britain's glory,

And saw a new wreath laid upon its shrine ;

A bright page added to its former story ;

A new-born star o'er Fame's fair temple shine !

And long that star a beacon-light shall wave,

To guide the young, the noble, and the brave !

And thou, MONTCALM, tho' vanquish'd, thou didst
bear

The warrior's spirit in that youthful frame ;

With WOLFE shalt thou the wreath of glory share !

With his be register'd the foeman's name !

And thy fair frame, when hastening to decay,

Told that its spirit had not pass'd away :

High words of martial glory from thee came,
Like the last gleaming of the dying flame.

Years roll'd along, and war's tumultuous roar
Was heard along these rugged heights once more.
Once more a noble victim gave his breath,
And met, beneath these walls, a soldier's death.
MONTGOMERY, thy radiant name shall soar,
A fair companion for those gone before.
Ev'n they who sent the hasty summons forth,
Knew well, and mourn'd the generous foeman's worth,
Thus early blighted, which more brightly shone,
As all things valued, when forever gone :—
Like that bright bird, which, as its wings aspire,
Shines in the sun a wreath of lambent fire.*

* The Virginian Nightingale.

On the proud front of Fame's fair temple shines
 A hallowed circle, traced with golden lines ;
 Within those lines, in lightning stamp'd, we see
 Three bright names :—" WOLFE, MONTCALM,
 MONTGOMERY."

A diamond lustre round that circle plays,
 And lights the pencil'd deeds of former days !
 Fair flowers, with laurel wreath'd, around are flung,
 And on a thousand golden banners hung ;
 While everlasting day shines doubly bright
 Upon those dearly cherish'd names of light.

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NOTES TO QUEBEC.

And hovering o'er Quebeis, settled there.—P. 13.

Champlain tells us that this was the ancient Indian name for Quebec.

Then, from the crystal rocks around, there came Redoubled sparklings, and a brighter flame.—P. 14.

Cape Diamond derived its name from the great number of crystals found there ; some beautiful specimens of which are in the possession of the Author.

That death-stain'd arrow.—P. 15.

The points of the Indians' poisoned arrows were tinged with light green or yellow.

High words of martial glory from thee came.—P. 20

When his wound was dressed, he asked the surgeons whether it was mortal ? and being answered in the affirmative, he calmly replied—"he was glad of it." He then demanded whether he could survive long ?—he was told, "perhaps a dozen hours, and perhaps less." "So much the better," rejoined Montcalm ; "I am happy I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."—SMITH.



THE HARP.

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THE HARP.

TIME hath gone on, with rapid flight,
O'er ages sunk in shades of night,
Since Eastern Harps were strung to fame ;
Since Love's and War's alternate flame
Burst from their strings ; whose echoes came
Like magic to the wondering throng,
With all the mighty powers of song.

Hail to the Harp, whose vestal sound
First on the ears of mortals fell,
In strains none ever might excel !
And in eternal durance bound

The mighty forms, and tragic deeds,
Which round the walls of Illion swell !
Still to the eye Patroclus bleeds ;
And still before Achilles flies
The champion of desponding Troy ;
And golden chariots thro' the skies,
Drawn by immortal coursers, fly ;
Bearing along the radiant air
Bright forms, in mortal deeds to share.

Harp of the East ! thy notes could bring
Bland echoes from Idalia's bowers ;
Where Love, amid perennial flowers,
Sported away the rosy hours ;
And beauteous forms would ever sing,
With more than mortal symphony,
Perpetual hours of ecstasy,
Which from his silken bondage spring.

And, wreath'd with smiles, their lips would tell,
How hearts in unison could dwell,
In some soft tale of myrtle groves ;
Where Nymphs had told their glowing loves,
From humid eyes, which said, too well,
Soft things that tongues can never tell.
And then, their fairy songs would say
How Perseus and Andromeda
In blissful visions dream'd away
Each star-lit night and cloudless day,
When, from the Nereids, his hand
In triumph bore the maid to land.

They told the mighty force of love.

Their theme, Evadne ?—It was this :—

The consciousness of former bliss
Forever flown, alone could move,
To court the flame and soar above

The fears which, from futurity,
Arise to dim a mortal eye.

Then, twining in the graceful dance,
A softer measure would they try :—
Now, they in playful wreaths advance,
And now, with feigned coyness fly,
Retiring to their verdant bowers ;
And there, on beds of new-blown flowers,
While fragrant airs from heaven descend,
With dulcet sounds their voices blend :—
“ Idalia’s birds can ne’er be parted—
“ One flies—they both are broken hearted.
“ O Love ! ’tis thou alone canst give
“ The bliss which makes it life to live !”

And now, when evening round the world
Flies, with her russet flag unfurl’d,

On golden beams a form descending,
From cloudless heaven is slowly wending,
To Cyprus' fragrant myrtle grove :
It is the radiant Queen of Love,
All bright with passion's siren smile,
Descending to her favourite isle.
Still evening is her chosen time,
 • When Hesperus looks thro' the sky
Of Greece's bland and cloudless clime,
 And Luna, as she sits on high,
Dreams of Endymion in his cave ;
And lucid dew-drops shining, lave
-A thousand flowers, that dance and wave
As wanton zephyrs flutter by,
To bear their breaths along the sky.
The Loves and Graces smiling stand,
And weave, with an immortal hand,
Bright flowers to crown the votive band,

Who, circling round the Goddess, bow,
And smiling give their vesper vow.

Then would thy tones a mightier strain
Assume, and give the latent reign
Of Pluto to the eyes of day ;

Where volant shades from earth repair,
When grief has worn the thread away—
The feeble thread that binds them here.
Now the infernal shades appear ;

The realms of night and horror, where
Grim Erebus in darkness sits,
Listening the Furies, as, by fits,
Their lash and clanking chains resound,
Or the horrific hiss goes round.

But see Elysium's sunny vale,
Where souls immortal life inhale
From every blest, unearthly gale ;

Where golden fruits and lucid streams
Shine in pure day's celestial gleams ;
And life, like far removed dreams
Of horror, flits before the eye
To tell them that in distance lie
Its feverish scenes of misery.

Harp of the East ! thy strings have lain
For ages in a noiseless sleep ;
And none may ever wake again
One strain, to break thy slumbers deep :
Thy chords are broken, and the blast
Which ranges o'er thy native plains,
Brings but the echo of those strains,
Flung on the air of ages past.

But hark !—From out the sounding caves
Of Caledonia's mountains, rise
Bold sounds, which swell along the skies,
As free as ocean's wildest waves ;

As rough as are the rocks which beat
A thousand billows from their feet.
On yon high cliff a form appears,
Grey in the deep decline of years :

His hair and mantle on the wind
Are floating idly, and his eye
Rests on the ocean depths, which lie

Below, in broken waves defin'd.
'Tis he who thrill'd the trembling strings,
And see ! a thousand airy things,
Awaken'd by its power, arise :
Lightning and storms convulse the skies ;
Ghosts shriek the gusts of wind between ;
And now their vapoury forms are seen
Sailing upon the reeling clouds :

Or, hovering o'er the battle plain,
They lift the mantle which enshrouds
Futurity ; and on the train

Of warriors which the Fates demand,
Smile, as they wave the shadowy hand.

Harp of the North ! thy strains I hear
Echo on Snowden's hoary heights ;
When lo ! her rocks and caverns drear,
Dress'd in gay flowers and smiles appear !

And from thy strings coruscant lights
Beam over England's fair domain,

Flashing o'er Erin's tuneful Isle ;
Tho' Europe's groping realms remain
In tuneless solitude, the while.

And there a thousand Bards have given
To birth a thousand varied strains ;
The depths of Hell, the heights of Heaven,
Full many an eagle-wing attains :
The spring of pleasures and of pains

Flow'd in full streams at their behest ;
They bade the aching bosom rest,
And, as the last deep sigh subsiding,
Left pleasure in the wretch's eyes,
Lo ! melancholy sounds arise,
And tears are now his smiles deriding !

Isles of the North ! thy magic strain
Has pierc'd the earth's remotest caves :
The breeze which breaks the ocean's waves,
Wafting them round his green domain,
Shall on its downy pinions bear
A thousand foreign smiles and tears ;
Yet, age, beneath a mount of years,
And wanton youth, with eye of flame,
Shall clasp, and in their bosoms wear,
The brilliant gems of Britain's fame.

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There is a land of rudest guise,
Where Nature, undisturbed, reposes
In unprun'd forests, on wild roses ;
And where the humid evening closes
'Mid fairy scenes and glorious skies.
That land of wildness is my own ;
And oft, in childish freak, I stray'd
O'er mountain height and flower-clad glade—
Free as the wild bird, which had flown
At my approach ; whose warblings ne'er
Had wak'd to ecstasy the ear :
Unless perchance the savage train
Had laid beneath the ancient oak
The deer, which fell beneath their stroke,
To list its proud voluptuous strain :
And, as it thrill'd, and swelling, rose,
In artless changes to the close,

With parted lip, and raised eye,
Blest their own forest minstrelsy.
There was a dingle, where the sun
Slept upon many a lovely flower :—
It seemed that Nature form'd that bower,
Where she and Liberty might shun
The eye of man.—In evening hour
Blest sounds of music thence arose :—
It was a proud, yet broken strain,
And trembled o'er the distant plain
In fainter murmurs at each close.
'Twas infant Genius, as he swept
The Western Harp's yet untun'd strings ;
And wild and vague imaginings,
Mix'd with a thousand lovely things,
At once into existence leapt.
Yet, loveliest, in his beaming eye,
The various scenes of Nature lie.

The evening's star-lit hour he sung,
When Hesper shines on heaven's brow,
And flitting lights are out below,
From glowing wings in myriads flung.
He sung the broad, majestic moon,
Riding above a dormant world,
And causing Night, with banner furl'd,
To half resign his silent noon.
He sung Aurora's lucid birth,
Curtain'd by gold and crimson clouds,
While bright, beneath, her subject earth
A dew-impearled green enshrouds.
The cataract's roar, the placid stream,
The rolling storm's coruscant gleam,
The mountain hoar, the spreading plain,
The glassy lake, the billowy main,
The rugged wood, the tuneful grove,
The charm of unrestrained love—

Shone in his lucid glance of fire,
And swept along his sounding lyre !

The Harp I found in evil hour,
Suspended on a knotty oak ;
It rang obedient to my power,
Responding to my feeble stroke !
Harp of the West ! forgive the hand
Unskill'd, which woke thy native numbers !
Again resume thy airy stand
On aged oak, until thy slumbers
Are broken by some spirit's breath,
Upon the evening breeze descending,
As the wild deer along the heath
Are to their leafy bowers wending ;
Giving to slumb'ring mortals, dreams
All bright with visionary gleams ;—
Fair scenes which wing their early flight
With the deep shadows of the night.

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF ENVY.

TH

THE TRIUMPH OF ENVY.

CANTO FIRST.

MUSE of Battle ! thee I call
From weeping o'er Troy's moulder'd wall !
Let Hector fall, Achilles foam,
And let the wise Ulysses roam ;
Unheeded now pass Helen's shame—
A fairer weeps the death of Fame :

Nor over Eve, in Eden, cry—
A wiser eats without a sigh ;
And triumphs as old Satan did,
When the first pair in Eden hid.
A noisy theme my soul inspires,
And bids thee light thy fiercest fires !
Then, Muse of Battle ! sing, and tell
What rout, and what contention fell—
What vocal war, and deadly wrong,
Shot from one envy-heated tongue !

Shakespear avers, the slanderous tongue
Begets more noise, and deadly wrong,
Than every other martial weapon,
That bloody-minded warriors keep, on
Purpose to hack, destroy and maim
This fair, Jove-modelled, upright frame.

Shakespear, 'tis true ! for, we may see,
In this our day of chivalry,
Knights of the Tongue patrol the town,
With words to bring a wind-mill down.
With wagging tongue, and glass in hand,
And posture *militaire* they stand—
Brandish their weapons, raise their glasses
At every living thing that passes :—
Ladies and horses, dogs and asses.

Now, morn the blushing east embrac'd,
And rous'd the silent world from rest ;
Dew-drops a trembling lustre fling,
Like diamond on a Lady's ring ;
Zephyrus with the light cloud flies,
And leaves without a spot the skies,
What time young Sylvia's eyes unclos'd,
And broke from dreams by Fame compos'd.

Fame, her bright guardian, long had blest
The lovely maid, and made her breast
His honour'd dwelling :—Oft he gave
Her auburn locks a graceful wave,
And, stealing lustre from the sky,
Replenish'd from the stars her eye.

Fame saw impending evil nigh,
And thus, before her dreaming eye,
He, with assiduous, kindly care,
This vision drew to warn the fair :—
She dream'd that fair the morn arose,
But, long ere lights diurnal close,
The black cloud blows its sweeping breath
O'er crag-bound height, and barren heath :—
Then from the clouds a raven drove,
Quickly pierc'd the crashing grove,

Seiz'd a dove, and sped away
Thro' the cloud-envelop'd day.

And now, the sun's pelucid beam
Peep'd thro' the half-clos'd curtain's seam :—
As some bashful spark at night
Looks in to see if all is right,
Before he ventures—so he shed
His beams aslaunt on Sylvia's head.
She, thoughtful maiden, wav'd between
A coming party and her dream ;—
The treat now-occupied her soul,
And now the vision marr'd the whole.
But rising, she, with hard essay,
Shook from her mind the dream away.
So falls the dew-drops from the tail
Of fox, retreating o'er the vale,

When Sol awakes his jealous fear,
And watch-dog barks, and threatens near.

Fame sigh'd, and thus his grief express'd,
While maids officious, Sylvia dress'd :—
“ This is the day foretold by Fate,
“ That deadly ills the fair await.
“ How sad that she should rise so soon !
“ I fain would have her doze till noon !
“ Strange wakefulness ! that she should rise
“ Before the sun the mid-day skies
“ Has measured. Much I fear that God,
“ Despiteful Envy, her abode
“ Haunts, with intent malicious fraught,
“ And from her mind my vision caught !”
He said, and, as a curl unroll'd,
Within its inmost, silken fold,

He spied the Gæd, in form a fly,
Close to the maiden's beaming eye.
Swift flew his vengeful spear, but err'd,
And Envy frowning disappear'd.

Now the bright morning—gay, serene—
Young Sylvia tempted o'er the green,
To catch its breathings, and inhale
Health borne upon the morning gale.

Behind the town her dwelling stood,
Veil'd by a thinly scatter'd wood,
Close by a verdant mountain's foot,
Which westward rose, with gradual shoot :
She up the sun-bright mountain stray'd,
And Fame, assiduous, round her play'd,
In form a butterfly, and threw
Into her mind the dream anew.

She mus'd and ponder'd, as she went,
But hit not on its kind intent—
She mus'd and ponder'd, till she came
Unto a spot belov'd by Fame—
A snow-white monument.—She stop'd—
And from her mind the vision drop'd ;
For Fame had left the pensive fair,
And hover'd thrice around in air,
Above its top, to mark the rest
Of one by gold supremely blest.
She read the verse upon the stone :—
“ Here lies a saint to heaven gone !
“ Transcendant goodness ! he was found,
“ At death, worth many a thousand pound,
“ And left it all to me, his son,
“ Who raise, in gratitude this stone ! ”
She sigh'd to think such worth should die,
And down the mountain cast her eye.

Its side with tufts of trees bestrown,
Like verdure colour'd velvet shone ;
Its foot farm house and orchard grac'd,
And rural scenes ; remoter plac'd,
The City swell'd with all its store
Of roofs and spires ; its idle roar
Just caught the ear, and, trembling, died
Along the mountain's swelling side.
Laving the City's farthest verge
Appear'd the river's slumbering surge,
Speckled with many a swelling sail,
Sped gently on by summer's gale ;—
While o'er the wave, far in the sky,
Far as could pierce the dazzled eye,
A village rose, with blazing spire,
Bright with the sun's meridian fire.
Enraptur'd, Sylvia view'd the plain,
For all seem'd level as the main,

When winds repose within their clouds,
And lifeless hang the drooping shrouds.

The spreading scene in all its strength
Caught up her fancy, till, at length,
A gun aroused the maiden's fear,
Blazing from the green-wood near,
Which crown'd the mountain. Envy saw
The maid retiring, and a flaw
Of wind, directing to the bough
Which interven'd, disclosed to view
The sportsman :—For the following God
Invisibly her footsteps trod,
And, seeing Fame remiss, essay'd
To catch the unsuspecting maid.
She turn'd ;—the sportsman up a tree
Was clamb'ring :—“ Heavens !” she cried,
“ 'tis he !

“ 'Tis Prenabell ! ”—’twas even so ; —

Lord of her every wish below !—

“ Ah, much I fear my killing glance,

“ When he presum’d with Rose to dance,

“ Has driven him in wild despair,

“ To an untimely gibbet there ! ”

She said—and, by attraction sped,

Prone to the ground descends his head,

But, fast his feet remain between

Two twin-born branches, large and green.

The affrighted maiden shriek’d and cried,

Yet ran, and all her strength applied

To save the suicide, and Love,

From neighbouring tree, in form a dove,

Cooed life into her fainting heart,

And gave her strength aid to impart.

But long his downright locks he swung,

And like a pendant apple hung,

Ere, rescued from his height profound,
He safely tumbled to the ground.

At length, adjusted, thus he said :

“ To you is due, angelic maid !

“ Eternal gratitude and love :—

“ I clamber'd there to save a dove,

“ Which hung, sore wounded ; but some sprite

“ Lodged me as safe, unlucky wight !

“ And, but for thee, I might have hung

“ Till midnight furies round me sung.”

He ended ; gratitude inspir'd,

And Love his dauntless bosom fir'd,

To kiss the tears from off her cheek ;

'Twas done—and from her lips a shriek

Succeeded. Fame the signal knew

Which spoke of wo ; and swiftly flew

From off the tomb, where long he sat
Immers'd in dark behests of Fate.
Too late he came to save the fair,
And all his hopes dispers'd in air,
He saw ; while Envy, thro' the sky
Retiring, clap'd his wings on high ;
Exulting in the thoughts of wo,
Destined from that one kiss to flow !

For accusation now he had
Of fatal cast, against the maid
Favour'd by Fame. A kiss, indeed,
Might make a beau's proboscis bleed,
In desp'rate fray of rival fist !
Indeed, the fair should not be kiss'd :—
Envy forbids ; and they who dare,
Henceforth, to greet with lips the fair,

Incur the guilt of broken law,
And all the ills which thence might flow:—
Conflicts, and deaths—and soiled ruff—
And broken hearts—and fatal puff
Of nauseous breath—and suicide—
And, e'en, mayhap a cuff beside !

THE TRIUMPH OF ENVY.

CANTO SECOND.

Oh! Fashion! fool of life's dark scene!
How long wilt thou obtrude between
Man and himself!—Each word, and thought,
And look congenial, by thee taught,
In affectation's garb appear,
And hide themselves without a tear!

Fly, graceless clown ! and let us see
The mind of man unveil'd and free.
Fly, with thy bells, and borrow'd mien ;—
We crave thee not to grace this scene
Of tragic cast—for then, a blade
Might boldly kiss each buxom maid,
Uncurs'd by malice, or by spleen,
In open day, without a screen.

Now, thro' light ether Envy sped :—
The dark locks, backward on his head,
Disclos'd the scowl upon his brow ;
His red eye spurn'd the scene below,
And labour'd after the abode
Of Minerva, favourite of the God.
A consecrated maiden she,
If haggard, gray antiquity
Can consecrate. She knew the God,
For oft he favour'd her abode,

And bent the knee. He thus began,
While triumph o'er each feature ran :—

“ My favour'd maid, I've tidings good,
“ For, lately, met in yonder wood,
“ Sylvia, the maiden, shame to tell !
“ Was kiss'd by wanton Prenabell !
“ To Madam's party both will hie,
“ And so will you, and so shall I ;
“ There prove your soul to Envy true,
“ There, maiden, your high office shew,
“ For Fame this night shall roll in dust,
“ If you prove loyal to your trust.”

High swell'd her heart with prospect fair
Of feast delicious, and thro' air
Her chariot flew, that she might be
First at the seat of promised glee.

Then quickly grew a horrid tale
Of am'rous lord and maiden frail ;

And, strange to tell, as round it flew,
On every side it swell'd and grew,
Like snow-ball, roll'd down warm hill side,
By tugging boy. At length, they spied
Lord Prenabell from coach-door pop ;
Him Sylvia follow'd, 'with a hop,
Light as a mouse's, when he springs
Thro' knot-hole, bent on better things
Than straw and chaff. With towering air
In march'd My Lord and Sylvia fair :—
So goes to battle warrior steed,
Thoughtless of death and daring deed.
Round flew the sneer and envious grin,
Which spoke of deeds of shame and sin,
And coming war.—Oh ! kiss of wo !
Why on her cheek thus wanton grow !
But threat'ning war Fame yet delay'd,
And, for a time the combat stay'd ;

But when the Weed of China flew
Around the board, then threat'ning grew
The din of fight. Envy, afloat
In Minta's cup, fix'd in her throat,
With bow and shaft, with spear and shield,
Thence all his fatal darts to wield :—
Fatal indeed, for shoals of ghosts
He, yearly, sends to Pluto's coasts,
“ Sullen and sad.”—Thus broke his words,
At length :—“ Ye Ladies and ye Lords,
“ But chiefly you, ye spotless fair,
“ I call to arms. The cause declare,
“ Minta, my aid, lest rumour say
“ Injustice soil'd the glorious day.”
Fiercely she rose: “ In yonder wood,
“ By vouchers many, just and good,
“ Sylvia was seen with Prenabell”—
“ Cease ! fouler than the shades of hell !”

Cried Prenabell ; “ nor let thy mouth
“ Pronounce her name, thou soul uncouth !”
Cried Minta ; “ Ye who hate their deeds,
“ Come on—fear not—’tis Minta leads !
“ Then quickly draw each female sword—
“ Death to the wanton, be the word !”

Then sped the Gods to adverse sides ;
Here, Pride stalk’d on with mighty strides,
For Minta’s ranks, and graced the skull
Of mighty Chieftain, Lord Megul ;
And Hate him aided in a curl
Sublime, of fearful Lady Churl.
Mighty the host of Minta grew—
Blest with Revenge and Anger too,
And mortals many ; while along
The side of Silvia lours no throng :—

Tho' few, yet undismay'd, and bold
Against the savage throng to hold
Unequal battle. Fame was theirs,
And every bosom fires and cheers.
In Sylvia's eye he took his stand,
The inspirer of the little band.
His shield threw lightning from her eye,
And proudly wav'd his crest on high.
With quiver'd side, and bow in hand,
And well tried spear he threatens their band.
While, on the crest of Prenabell
Love stood, and tried his bowstring well ;
Pity in Sena's bosom fought,
And Charity in Rose's throat.
Few more, with these, of little name
Form'd quickly round the injur'd dame,
And frown'd defiance.—Nor in vain ;
“ Death to the wanton,” rung again ;—

Then onward rush'd each host, and war
Rock'd the proud dome, with horrid jar.

Then, adverse Gods their arrows hurl'd
'Gainst clanging shields ; shouts told the world,
Without, of mighty war, as spear
Wing'd thro' each host with dire career.
Louder and stronger grew the din,
Till all was screams and groans within !
Not louder sounds the throats of frogs
When legions float on putrid bogs ;
Not shriller is the screech-owl's cry,
Which pierces thro' the midnight sky :—
Nor could the bray of kindred ass
The voice of furious beaux surpass.

But, oh ! what fiery muse can tell
The daring deeds of Prenabell !

He and Mogul in fatal strife
Clash'd terribly their arms, and life
Hung on each *oath*—but Prenabell
Triumph'd, and, damn'd his soul to hell !
Pride mourn'd his hero's fall, and tried
His spear, to pierce the victor's side ;
But, wide the erring weapon flew,
And rent the ruff of Rose in two :—
With awful frown, and kindling eye,
She bade at once three striplings die !
Onward she fought, nor shunn'd the spear
Of God or man.—Then Envy's fear
And rage increas'd, for Prenabell
Sent numbers to the shades of hell.
Forth rush'd the God, and took his stand
On midway board. He wav'd his brand
At Fame, and thus :—“ Thou hostile God,
“ Thee I defy to deeds of blood ;

“Thou long my bane hast been, and now,

“By all the Gods, I swear that thou

“Shalt yield to me, or I will cut off

“Thy pericranium *à la* Platoff.”

With bounding wing Fame reach'd the board,

And thro' his trump thus loudly roar'd :—

“I yield to thee ! vile miscreant ! I

“Who make the world before me fly !

“Thou know'st me not ! Gods ! I have power

“To change a nation in an hour !

“To make the apish, crowned fool

“Appear a king !—nay, that dull tool,

“An edgeless poet, I can hone

“So sharp, 'twill shave like broken bone.

“'Tis thus I yield !”—His spear he rais'd ;

It flew, and Envy's helmet graz'd,

And fell—and Envy's answering sped,

But, harmless, whistled o'er his head.

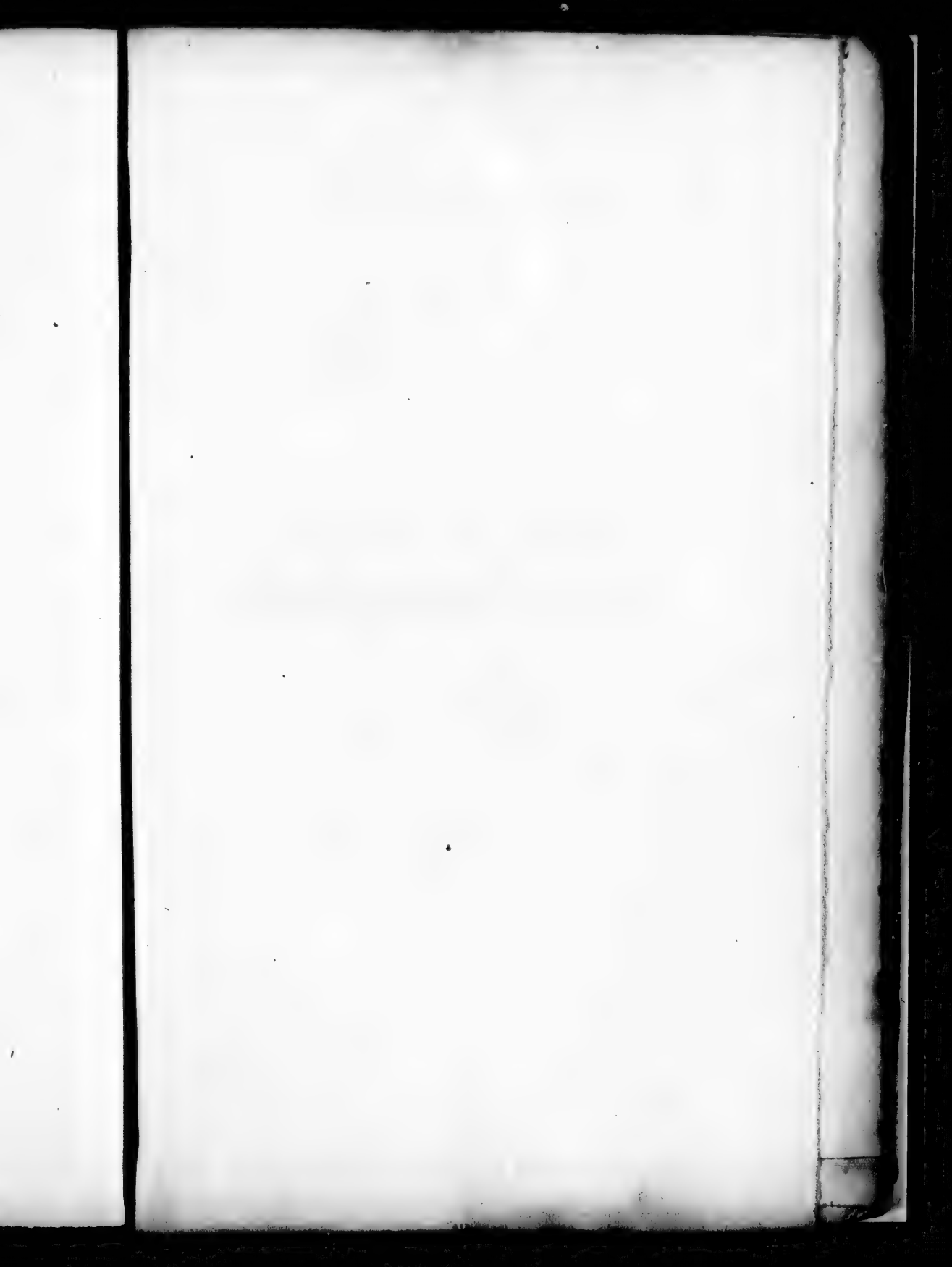
Then flashed on high each polish'd brand,
Like lightning hurl'd by either hand,
And thro' the dusky wreaths of steam,
From boiling tea, like meteors gleam !
Long time they strove like warring skies ;—
Fame's weapon breaks—he falls—he dies !
Triumphant shouts drown his last sigh,
And, swelling, echo thro' the sky ;
While Sylvia, wounded by despair,
Sounded retreat :—Then, flying hair,
And thirsty shaft, and squalling shoe,
Sped o'er the plain ; but Sylvia flew
With Prenabell to forest near—
Nor Minta's tongue nor Envy's spear
Could trace them. O'er the field of flight
The victors then return'd, from fight,
And flush'd with triumph, view'd the spoil
So nobly won by glorious toil :—

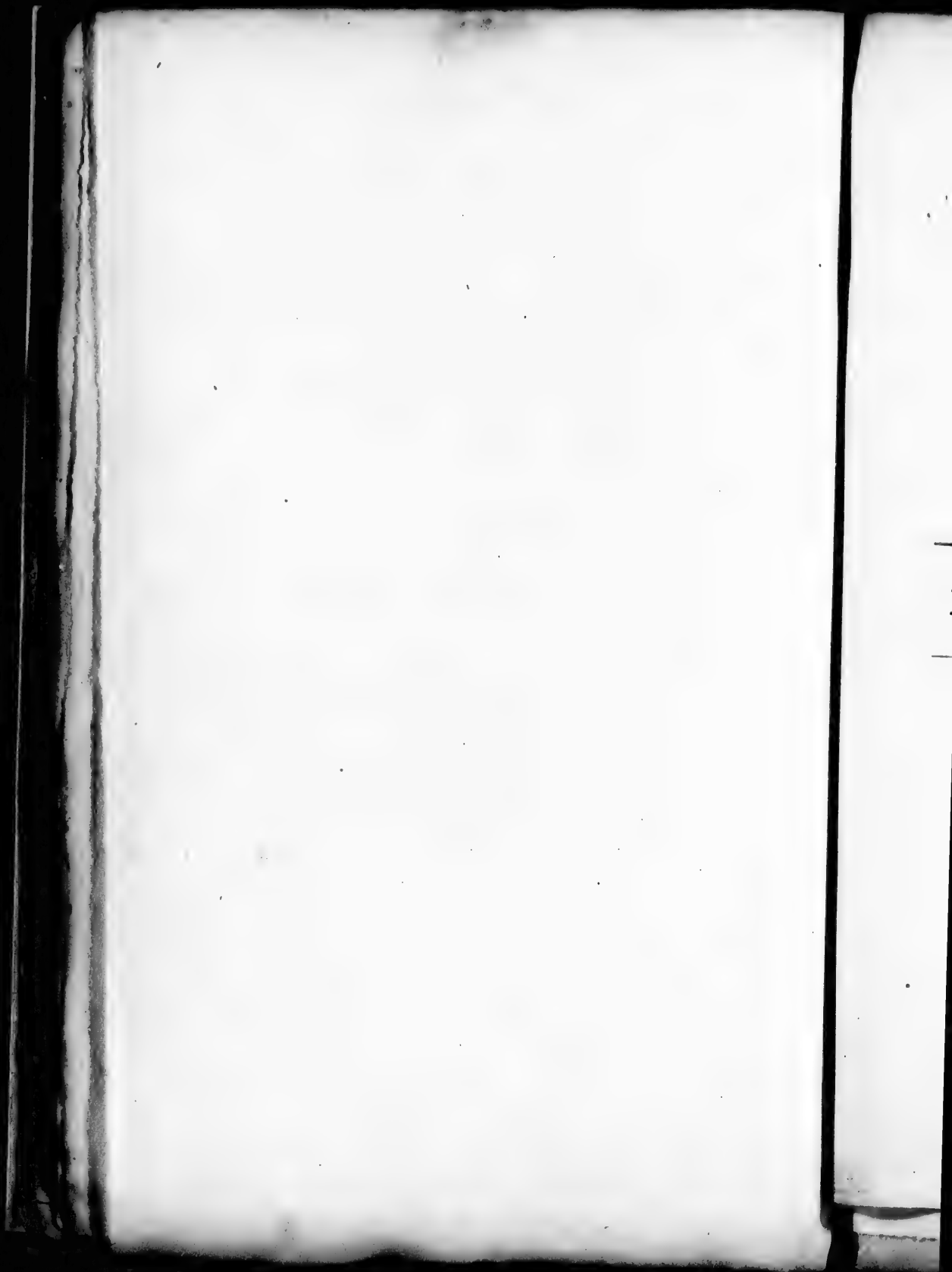
'Kerchiefs, and ruffs, and garters torn,
Beaux, ribbands, hair, by scissors shorn
From beauty's brow, cushions and thimbles,
Spoil'd characters, and indispensables,
Pins, needles, bodkins, corset-boards,
(I think they're called)—armour of lords,
Not steel, but buckram, stiff and strong,
Well brac'd with whalebone all along :—
All these, and more, in triumph they
Bore home, to grace the hallow'd day.

Minta, so poor and lank, they say,
Thrives since the triumph of that day ;
And, as she tells the story o'er,
Grows fatter, ruddier, than before :
She tells the tale to all the beaux,
And how the kiss was taken, shows :—

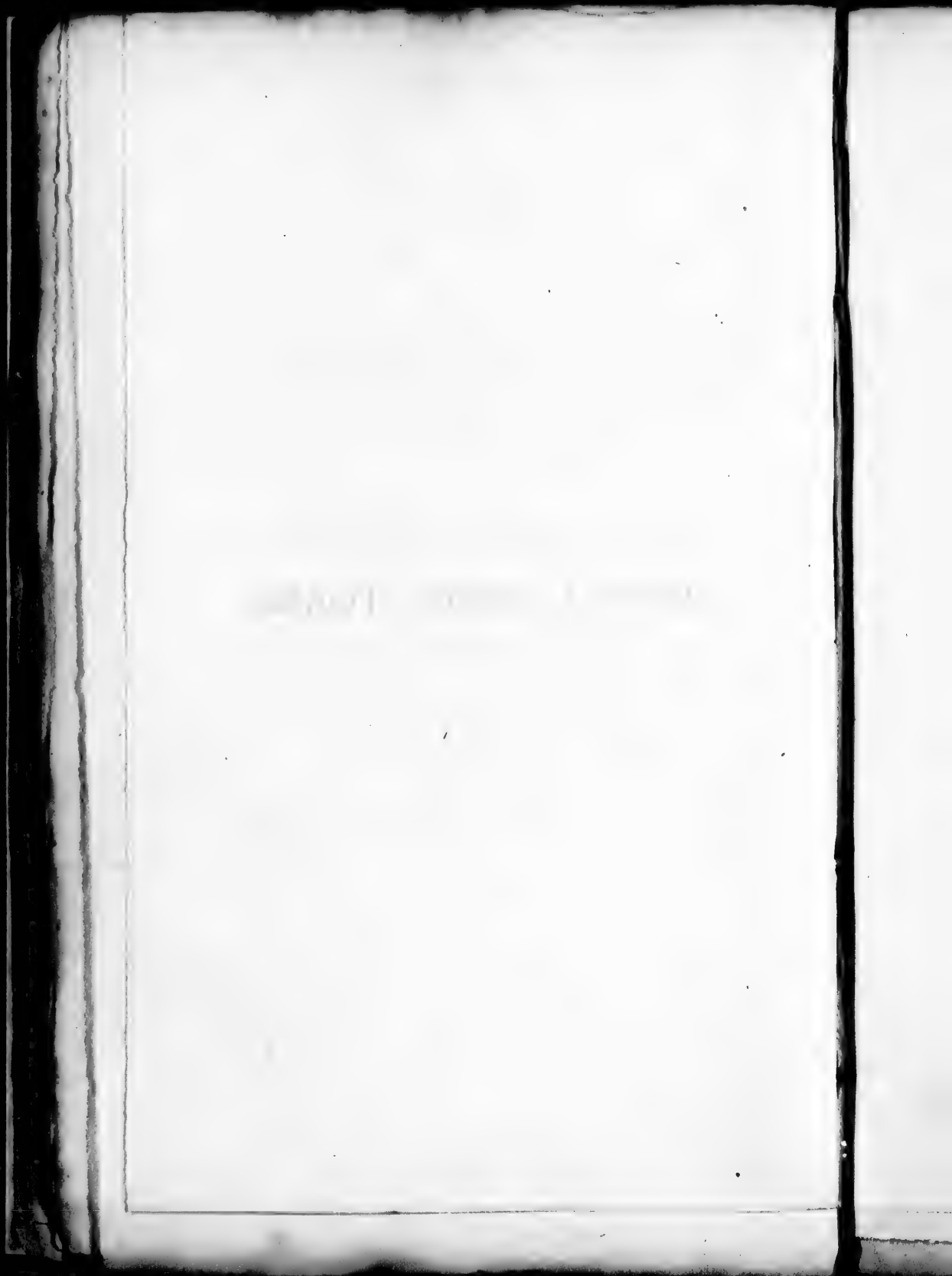
“ Hate kissing—but, that all may shun,
“ Just shew them how the thing was done.”
Some say she tells it o’er at night,
And hugs the senseless post outright !
But this is falsehood all, I know,
For she herself has told me so.

But what the fate of Prenabell
And Silvia, naught remains to tell.
They were, but they are not, ’tis said,
At party, ball, or masquerade,
And Fate conceals from mortal eyes,
The youthful Lover’s destinies.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

IMAGINATION.

IMAGINATION !——
Thou dost make possible things not be so held,
Communicatest with dreams—
With what's unreal, thou co-active art,
And fellow'st nothing.—SHAKESPEAR.

WHAT magic lights the sailor's eye,
As fades the day-light from the sky ?—
IMAGINATION ! thou hast given
His sea-bound vision dreams of heaven !

Touch'd by thy fairy wand, the sea
Loses its broad immensity,
And smiling hills and vales arise
Beneath his own, his native skies.
And there is one with whom he roves
Thro' walks which tell of infant loves :—
He weaves the wild flowers of his land,
In laughing wreaths, to bind her brow,
And climbs the mountain's airy stand
To bless his own fair home below.

IMAGINATION ! thou canst tell
Of nameless things beneath the wave ;
Where the fair-eyed sea-nymphs dwell,
Where the sportive Mermaids lave.
There they plant the azure flowers,
In their ever-silent bowers ;
There they raise the coral tomb,
When the lovely meet their doom

From the wild and boundless deep,
Weeping o'er their dreamless sleep.
And there the Spirit of the Sea
Doth dwell in silent majesty,
In a shining crystal cave,
 Floor'd with gems and golden sands,
Sparkling thro' the sun-lit wave
 Which before the portal stands.
Rising from his silent celi,
O'er the sea he casts his spell ;
Bidding tempests raise the waves
Mountain high o'er briny graves ;
Or, riding on the sea at night,
Gilds it with phosphoric light.

Fantastic Wizard ! thou didst raise
In olden time, the Fauns and Fays,

And Fairies, dancing o'er the green,
With pranks and gambols all unseen.
And thou didst make their tiny beds
Within the downy thistle heads,
Hanging, for their lamps on high,
The pinions of the gay fire-fly.

But in the damp, sepulchral cell,
Thy most terrific phantoms dwell :—
Now they leave their dark abodes
With twining snakes and loathsome toads—
And pace, with trackless steps, the dell
Where by murderous hands they fell.
Or, where the evergreens arise,
With clustering boughs, to veil the skies—
When Luna sits behind her cloud,
And autumn's winds are shrieking loud,

The sheet is seen, amid the gloom,
To warn the traveller of his doom.

These, with a thousand phantoms more,
Of billowy deep and rock-bound shore,
Of dungeon vault and trackless waste,
Of lonely glen and haunted tower,
Where truants fly, with fearful haste,
At the solemn twilight hour,
With many a blissful dream of mine—
IMAGINATION ! all are thine.

ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

Too long the silver crescent hung
 Upon the land of classic fame ;
Too long the turban'd Painim sung
 Allah il Allah—ere the flame
Of Freedom's bright and glorious star
 Shone in effulgence from afar.

This was the beacon-light which shed
 Its beams on deathless Marathon ;
It shone where Pyles' heroes bled,
 And Mycales' so nobly won :
Platea's leading-star was this,
And this the light of Salamis.

And still that light of glory waves
 O'er Greece's hallowed hills and plains,
 Portending death to murderous slaves,
 And rending slavery's triple chains,
 With power resistless as the stroke
 Which blights the lofty mountain oak.

No longer shall the Moslem reign
 Where dwelt the mighty and the brave :
 Behold ! the BRITON rides the main—
 The angry RUSSIAN breaks the wave ;
 And FRANCE's potent energy
 Once nobly strikes for liberty.

Hark ! 'Tis the avenger's humbling arm
 Hurling destruction o'er the waves ;—
 Sphacteria echoes the alarm,
 And Neptune opes a thousand graves

Within his still domain below,
For Freedom's fierce and ruthless foe.

Ye spirits of the mighty dead,
Revisit once your native air !
The demons of despair have fled,
And hope again inhabits there :—
The land of song and chivalry
From slaves and tyrants shall be free !

Soon shall the Turkish crescent set
On Greece's valiant, blood-bought land :
Unholy mosque and minaret
Tremble before the Christian brand ;
And hovering clouds and darkness fly
As Freedom's rays illumine thy sky.

SONG.

YES, I will love thee when the sun
 Throws light upon a thousand flowers ;
 When winter's biting breath is gone,
 And spring leads on the smiling hours.
 And I will call thee beautiful—
 More beautiful than May's bright wreaths—
 Tho' all the air with sweets be full,
 Tho' every bird his soft tone breathes.

And I will love thee when the earth
Is bright with summer's rich attire ;
When morn to seas of gold gives birth,
And eve to brighter wreaths of fire ;
When the broad moon and burning stars
Are riding thro' the lucid air
On snow-white fleecy clouds for cars—
Then will I dream of thee my fair !

I'll love thee when the autumn winds
Sweep heavily the misty plain ;
When the last flower its cold bed finds,
And birds are far away again :—
When the last pale and withered leaf
Along the swollen stream floats on—
One thought of thee shall give relief,
Tho' bright and lovely things are gone.

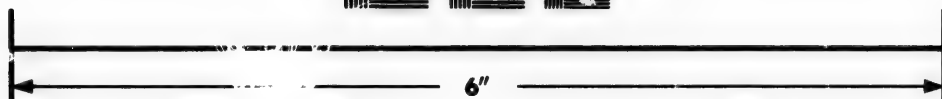
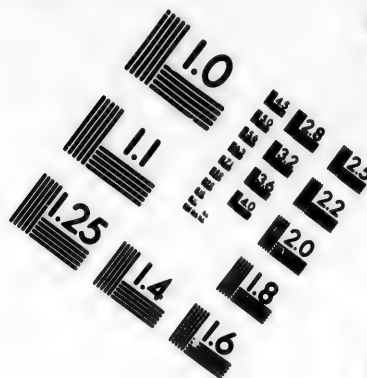
And I will shield thee when the breath
Of winter beats upon the earth ;
And we will laugh at nature's death,
Content with love and festive mirth.
The tale and sportive song shall be
Only of soft and fairy things ;
Young Love shall rest with us, and we
Will give old Time his silken wings.

FRAGMENT.

SHE moved in fairy beauty, for her form
Was light and airy as the dreams of days
When chivalry rode forth in plumed pride.
The violet just bowed beneath her tread,
And rose unhurt from its elastic spring ;
While more aspiring flowrets blush'd to see
Superior symmetry and softer tints,
So sweetly blended.—From her dark, bright eye
There came a light which shone upon men's hearts,
As shine the sunbeams on the heaving waves
Of silvery lakes ; stealing their dark, cold shadows,
And blending gold and crystal, until forms
Of magical illusion sweep along.

The dark, smooth ringlets slept upon her neck
Like raven plumage on a bank of snow ;
And, with those silken lashes, seem'd intent
To shame the lily on that neck and brow.
Native vermilion sat upon her cheek—
Soft, pure and playful, as the beaming hues
Of summer evening, when the filmy clouds,
In gold and crimson canopy the sun.
But ah ! she was the treacherous meteor !
Promising peaceful cheer to lonely hearts,
But leading on to precipices, fens,
And frowning solitudes, untenanted
By aught but sullen, resolute despair.





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A DREAM.

ELLA, I had a dream.—We wandered forth,
Just as the sun came from the glorious east,
To gaze upon the dew drops, and to breathe
The purity of morning ; and we strayed—
I know not whither—but our way appeared
Through tangled reeds and thorns, o'er pointed rocks,
And sandy deserts, till a storm came on,
With clouds and darkness :—Lightning flew across
The yawning precipice, and lit the foam
Of groaning cataracts ; the whirlwind threw

The old and sinewy oak across our path,
And fiery serpents hiss'd beneath our feet.
O, all was horrid ! but more horrid still,
When on the giddy, perpendicular height,
O'er-hanging a dark flood, my head grew light—
And then we fell !——

Shadows all indistinct

Then came around me, but thy form was gone.
I seem'd upon a wide and barren plain ;
Night was upon the earth—no star, no moon
Smil'd in the murky heavens—but all was dark,
And cold, and desolate. A thousand forms
Flitted around, and in their vapoury hands
Held out long rolls—the records of the past—
Whereon I saw, in fiery letters trac'd, [heaven,
“ DEPARTED JOYS.”—Then would they point to
And to the cold, blank earth, as if to mock
My present desolation.

Then, again,

For some short space, all seem'd a shadowy mass,
Incongruous and joyless, till the light
Seem'd coming in the east—and then I found,
As day threw gold upon the deep blue heavens,
All near me light and beautiful.—And thou—
Yes, thou wert with me ; and thy clear, sweet tones
Came over me like airs of paradise.
And, as I pressed thy glowing cheek to mine,
We gazed upon the beautiful things around,
And said, this is our home :—This flowery dell
Shall be our fairy domain. These wild mountains
Barring the north, and south, and west, now bright
With glittering streams and clumps of verdure, shall
Shut out the wintry winds and heartless world ;
While yon long vista, opening to the east,
Shews us the ocean, with its towering folds
Of snowy canvass.—Life shall be all love—

And love, all flowers and holiness. We'll build
To Love an altar, and our sacrifice
Shall be the wild flowers of our paradise ;
And the dark pictures of the ominous past
Shall be the pastime of our ecstasy.

Ella, 'twas but a dream, an idle dream !—
How beautiful the dream of happiness,
Even though coupled with a horrid consort,
When all around is lonely hopelessness !
And yet, if dreams can form an airy future,
Faithfully as this pictured forth the past,
There still may be a gleam of hope, for hearts
Thus harshly thrown asunder.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A lovely, fairy form was by—

Her eye, which mark'd the beams of 'even,
Seem'd stealing splendour from the sky,
As wand'ring o'er the moon-lit heaven.

She pointed where a tear of night
Shone on a pendant leaf above,
And said : " That drop, so pure and bright,
That pearl-like drop, is WOMAN'S LOVE !"

Ah, who could doubt that simple tone ?

Or who that humid eye withstand ?—

I look'd to where the dew-drop shone,

Thus pointed by that soft, white hand.

“ If such is woman's love,” I said,

“ Who would not bless its vestal ray !”—

The night breeze through the foliage play'd,

And swept the transient gem away !

A FRAGMENT.

I KNEW him in days past. A playful smile
Bespoke the young heart's ease ; and he could sing,
Or join the sprightly dance. And when he spoke
Of future days, the lambent flame of hope
Was round his heart, and lit a ruddier glow
Upon his cheek. The world he knew not yet,
And it appear'd all sunshine—just as fires,
At midnight, blaze the brighter seen afar.

Richer than Pactolus, the crimson flood
Around his heart, and not one drop but flow'd
Pure from the spring of innocence. It seem'd
That age could hardly cloud that brow of snow,

Or fix a weight to that light, airy step.
That eye was ever bright, as it beheld
The visionary forms of unborn joys.

Again I saw him.—On that alter'd brow
Sat dark suspicion, with its sickly gloom :
A deadly paleness was upon that cheek—
Indeed a hectic glow was sometimes there,
But 'twas the blood of shame ; and that fix'd eye
Look'd down to earth, as it would not have seen
The past or future. Oft his frame would shake ;
But not with laughter—agony was there !—
And he would sigh as if his very soul
Would fly its blighted tenement. That heart
Of guilt has found its final resting place.

THE FLOWERS OF FANCY.

WHERE do the flowers of fancy bloom ?
Not in the sad heart's sickly gloom ;
But in the gay and youthful breast
They spring the fairest, the sweetest and best—
Twining around the spotless heart,
And bidding its blighting cares depart.

Never in cold and barren skies
These flowers of the heart are seen to rise ;
They swell where brightest sunbeams glow,
They bloom where the purest fountains flow—

They open their leaves to a spotless heaven,
And bathe in the vestal dew of even.

Where do the flowers of fancy die ?—
Look at that fix'd and rayless eye—
It speaks of a heart where hope shall never
Awaken the sleep of joy forever !
That is the baleful soil of despair—
No flowers of the heart shall blossom there.

SONNET—TO ELLA.

THINE eyes are like the poison-tainted flower,
Which smiles so brightly, that it seems to hold
The softest odours in each crimson fold ;
But, once enchanted by its magic power,
Forgetfulness, or 'wilderling dreams, entwine
Around the heart :—so, if thy pensive glance
Steal our fond gaze one moment, in a trance
Elysian every form is lost but thine ;

The bright, gay world recedes, with all its flowers
 And skies of radiance ; or else, perchance
 A fairy land of fragrant, sun-lit bowers
 Rises around thee ; and, in festive dance,
 A thousand airy spirits skim the green,
 And celebrate their little FAIRY QUEEN.

THE SISTERS.

Just where the elm tree throws its ample arms
Over yon wood-crown'd rock, a cottage stood,
Courting the freshness of the western wind.
Its inmates then were many—happy too ;
Happy as innocence and loveliness
Can render mortals.—Hast thou seen the dove
Drop from its leafy mansion, when the sportsman
Rais'd to his eye the never erring tube ?—
If so, thou know'st how swift the lovely fell.

They were two sisters.—One had all the pride
And dignity of beauty. Her blue eye
Mov'd pensively along the bright, gay world,
And fix'd intensely on the shining heavens—
As if she knew it soon to be her home.
Upon her cheek, the crimson barely ting'd
Its polish'd marble, and her pensive step
Moved not the light lock slumb'ring on her neck.

The other too was lovely ;—but the fawn,
Sporting away the flowery days of spring,
Knows not more gambols ; and her playful smile
Twined irresistibly around the heart.
Her dark, quick, sparkling glance outran the lightning,
And was as restless ; and her lip and cheek
Were glowing with the crimson flush of nature.
Thou wouldst have call'd the two, the sportive ivy
Circling about the young and tender oak.

The ivy and the oak alike have fallen !—
The bright creation of the evening sun,
Tinging with gold and crimson every cloud,
And spreading fairy forms along the heavens,
Soon passes off into the dark, long night ;
But memory cherishes the gay illusion,
And hugs, and binds it fondly to the heart.

ON A VIOLET.

Go, little flower,
Go hide thy head
Low in thy verdant bed ;
Nor vaunt the power
Of spreading luxury upon the wind,
Superior to the loftiest of thy kind,

So shall we seek
Thy humble worth,
Blessing thy early birth ;
And when the bleak
Autumnal winds shall bear thee thro' the sky,
Remember thy short summer with a sigh.

So, in the vale
Of being cast,
Has sterling goodness pass'd ;
No comet trail
Firing the sky,—but, like the distant star,
Shedding its trembling lustre from afar.

TO ELLA.

FAREWELL !—The dream—the idle dream,
 With all its angel forms, is past,
 And reason's weak and chilling gleam
 Comes on my sinking soul at last :—
 Too well I knew that we must part—
 Yet, knowing this, I madly drew
 The future fondly to my heart,
 As if it might be shar'd with you.

Renown has now no charm for me—

I ask no pageant diadems ;

And, in the spirit's agony,

How poor are India's richest gems :—

Yet, lingering Hope will fondly say,

The streams which Fate apart has thrown,

At some remote, and happier day

May blend, and flow together on.

Too oft the past comes o'er my brain—

It is a page of beauteous dies,

Where all that was is seen again

In fairy loveliness to rise !

So vivid is the lov'd and lost,

I will not call it Memory ;—

'Tis less of Fancy's airy host,

Than full and fair reality.

Away, ye phantom forms !—Yet, no—

Why banish from the withering heart

This only antidote for wo—

Of life the only cherish'd part ?

Yes, I will dream of days gone by,

'Tis all my heart retains of **THEE** :

And here thy burning pledge shall lie,

A charm against futurity.

THE TAPER OF DEATH.

OVER the heath, at the dead of night,
Borne by the zephyr's breath,
Travel'd a fitful, lambent light,
Fearful and strange its airy flight—
It was the Taper of Death.

Such is the torch, as the aged tell,
Lit for the murder'd one ;
Dimly it rises where he fell,
Bending its course where his ashes dwell,
Mark'd by no friendly stone.

See the steed o'er the warrior dash—

That warrior's eye is dim ;

Musket and cannon's deadly flash,

With the fire from meeting bayonets clash—

Is the Taper of Death for him.

There is a torch for the sailor found,

Travelling o'er the deep :—

When waves are meeting the thunder's sound,

The summoning flash is spread around,

Gilding his final sleep.

What is it shines in yonder hall,

With dim and waveless light ?

Taper of Death ! dost thou shine for all ?

Why on the wreck of the lovely fall,

Veiled in nature's night ?

I would not look on the lovely dead,
Bound in that lasting chain ;
They, like the dream of bright hours fled,
Only remind us the light they shed
Never shall shine again.

HOPE.

Thou guest from heaven,
 Who cometh on life's heavy hour
 Like sun of even
 Upon the dark, retiring shower—
 Hail to thy gentle power !

Where is thy dwelling ?
 Not surely in the human breast :
 All care repelling,
 Thou would'st make life a land of rest,
 And man forever blest.

Though oft we find thee,
In journeying onward, thou dost flee ;
And none can bind thee
With gold, with mystic witchery,
Or gayest revelry.

When stars are beaming
Upon the still and folded flower,
And men are dreaming
Of dearly valued wealth and power—
Then is thy chosen hour.

When morn is coming
In gold upon the heaving sea,
And thought is roaming
On all the lovely things that be—
Then, then thou com'st to me.

And like that morning
To lonely mariner far at sea,
Is thy returning,
When in a lov'd one's form I see
Thy beauteous symmetry.

PLEASURE.

ALONG a smooth and silent stream
A gilded bark went gently on,
As light and joyous as the beam
Of cloudless skies had shone upon ;
And mirth and music, from its bosom, gave
Their mingled murmurs to the sleeping wave.

I saw the tempest's raven wing
Drive fiercely through the gloaming sky—
And, dashing o'er the waters, fling
Their writhing, foaming waves on high.

Sad was the shriek that came upon the gale,
As clos'd the waters o'er that fragile sail !

Again the waters sunk to rest ;

Again the groves and cloudless sky

Rested upon its polish'd breast :—

Again its silken zephyrs try

To tempt the gay and lovely down the tide,

Whose wave a thousand wrecks of beauty hide.

EVENING.

THE sun has set.—Upon the pulseless waters
The vessel sits becalmed, like a swan—
A universal hush is over all ;
Like that which sits so sweetly on the spirit,
When sleep has laid his downy pinion o'er us.
The dew-drop settles on the pointed grass ;
The bird is silent—and the beautiful clouds,
Sitting like fairies in the yellow west,
Stir not. 'Tis Nature's vespers, and all things
Have joined in her devotion. The wrapt heart

Scarce throbs within its fragile tenement,
'Till fairy images steal on the spirits,
Veiling reality, and spreading round us
The spell of Fancy's wildest revelry.
The kind affections, and remembrances
Of by-gone years, are banishing cold forms
Of worldly intercourse ; and man looks sweetly
Upon his brother. Images of days
Long blended with eternity arise :—
Evadne spurning at a heartless world,
And dying, like a twin-born bud, bereft,
Too rudely, of its other little self.
And thou, fair Luna, sitting on thy throne
Cerulean, doth smile upon Endymion,
Kissing his marble brow, his slumb'ring locks,
And spell-bound eyelids —And, with these, arise
The forms of Dido, and of Ariadne :
Alike Idalia's worshippers, alike

Fated to feel the blighting loneliness,
The visionary hopes, the wavering fears,
The mad despair of spurned tenderness.—

Night ! thou art lovely, with thy silvery hues,
And softly blended shades, when flowers and trees,
Impearled, are sleeping 'neath the pensive moon ;
When youthful fancies—pure as innocence—
Twine fondly round the heart, as creeps the ivy
About the sinewy oak—unmov'd by storms—
Sporting in crimson on its rugged trunk,
And glistening to the low-descending sun.

SERENADE.

THE moon on the mountain is bright,

The stars sit in glory on high ;

And the lake, from its surface of light,

Throws back the bright gems of the sky.

Come, Love, come—see the token-star on high.

The flower has folded its leaves,

At rest is the wing of the dove ;

Not a zephyr yon bright mirror heaves,

And all things are sleeping—but Love !

Haste, Love, haste—'tis the chosen hour of love.

Haste, haste—for I see o'er the lake
The lover's light skiff glide along ;
And the sounds on the night-air awake
Are the lover's guitar with his song.
Fly, Love, fly—'tis thy faithful lover's song.

's song.

THE EAGLE.

THINE is the strenuous, daring wing
Against the tempest of heaven to fling,
To meet the thunder-bolt on its way,
And sport in the clouds convolving spray,
Or thro' their shadowy wreaths to move,
And sail in the azure heaven above.

Thine is the eye to spy the storm,
Couch'd in deceptive, infant form ;

L

The eye that the archer never knew
To guide to its goal the shaft as it flew ;
The eye, as thy path o'er heaven ran,
To laugh at the grovelling steps of man.

Thine is the heart of the brave and free,
Cradled and rear'd in liberty :
The heart to fight for thy home in air,
The heart to bleed for thy offspring there—
The heart that burns at their fearful cry,
And joins the combat to conquer or die.

SONNET.

THOUGHT—thou mysterious, restless labourer !
Whence art thou ? mighty one ! and whence the spring
Which bears thee—never weary—from the hour
Of life's first soaring on its unus'd wing,
Thro' the tumultuous maze of mortal wo,
And enervating pleasure's siren spell ?
What, or from whence thou art, we cannot tell :
But, that which hies beyond the star-lit sky,
Triumphs in storms, and sports away the gloom
Of sleep's profoundest blank ; which not the tomb
Can fetter with its dungeon—yet shall rise
To know its potent origin ;—to see,
And triumph in its own eternity.

THE BURIAL OF THE MANIAC.

SLOWLY and silently from the deep glen

Ascended the train which the Maniac bore ;

Sad was the step of the pall-bearing men, [wore :

And dark was the shade that each countenance

Why look ye thus sadly at yonder dark mound ?—

Why tread ye thus tardily over the ground ?

On—'tis no warrior form that ye bear !

On—that the maid may at once be at rest ;—

Fairy and light was the form of the fair ;

But sad was the motion which heaved her breast :

Peacefully slumbers the spring of the cave—

The breath of the tempest awakens no wave !

Why dost thou weep, Mother?—Was her wild moan
Borne on the gale, ever dear to thy heart?

Why dost thou weep?—Can thy tears e'er atone
For the tears thou hast caused, or unbarb the dart
Which rais'd in her bosom the maniac sigh,
And to vacancy chang'd the soft light of her eye?

Who was it bade the young twin-buds to sever,
And cast upon each a cadaverous blight?
Whose rough behest kill'd her young hopes forever,
And smother'd the fire of a bosom so light?—
Well may'st thou weep, Mother! well may'st thou sigh!
For the best star of evening has shot from the sky.

Light is the step of the dark-eyed Gazelle,
Seeking its home in the neighbouring glade;
Graceful its bound through the flowery dell:
But lighter and truer the step of the Maid.

Pure is the blue of the evening sky—
But purer the blue of her radiant eye.

The softest blush of the rose must cease,
The brightest glow of the sky decay ;
And the wildest waves shall repose in peace
When the tempest of heaven has died away :—
Cold and dark is the Maniac's tomb—
Deep and silent its lasting gloom.

way :—

TO ELIA.

SAY, shall we hie to some secluded glen,
 Far from the mirthful madness of the crowd ;
 Where no delusive charms shall bend again
 One thought, one wish, to emulate the proud.

There might the heart, unmock'd, its wishes tell,
 Nor gold nor fashion check its fervid glow ;
 There potent fancy cast its wildest spell,
 To charm the memory of early wo.

For who, amidst the festive pomp of life,
Speaks to the prompting of his feelings true ;
Or, who e'er mingled in its partial strife,
Nor the delirium of distraction knew ?

Then, as the mingling foliage round us twin'd,
To screen our cottage from the solar beam,
So should the gentler virtues, thrice refin'd,
Expel each care from life's capricious dream.

Thro' the wild groves the deer unscar'd should glide,
And gaze in wonder at our sylvan home ;
Then, drinking of the mountain's limpid tide,
Secure along the flowery margin roam.

The thrilling echos which the wild-bird threw
From every bough our minstrelsy should be ;
And many a flowret of the brightest hue
Give to our glen the air of Araby.

The dawn of morning shall in smiles be clad,
 And every crimson evening rapture bear,
 Until the heart forgets it once was sad,
 And smiles at what like dismal dreams appear.

Say, shall we fly to some secluded glen,
 To cherish Love's young flowret till it bloom:
 There, unaspiring, shun the haunts of men,
 And meet, without one sigh, our final doom.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE sun, descending to his rest,
Thro' gathering clouds his faint rays threw,
And give a faint and flickering hue,
To the dark threat'ning of the west ;
As to his steed the stranger spoke
Cheerily, as they forward broke.

The tempest speeds ; the misty clouds
Twirl fiercely round the mountain's brow,
And, pouring on the plains below,
The hasty night the pathway shrouds :—
The traveller onward spurs his steed
Sturdily, to his utmost speed.

The sweeping wind is pouring down
A torrent, from the viewless heaven ;—
The stranger, by its fury driven,
Looks, with a faint and smother'd groan,
To where the hamlet lights appear,
Making the murky night more drear.

Again he spurs his sturdy steed—
The rising waves are foaming round,
And on the stranger gaining ground :
In vain his spirit and his speed—
His horse is floundering in the waves,
But still the eddying tempest braves.

What voice is on the veering wind ?
Is it the spirit of the storm ?
Whose unsubstantial, vapoury form
Appears in the infantile mind,

And superstition's poison'd eye,
Pouring the storm along the sky.

The sun in native radiance shone
Thro' morning's crimson-tinged veil ;
The burnish'd clouds around him sail,
But night's terrific gloom is gone.
A stranger's corse was found upon the shore :
He perish'd—and of him they knew no more !

AUTUMN.

THE Spring I have seen, with its wild-flower wreaths,

Wending towards the bright, gay world ;

I have met the cherishing air it breathes,

And pluck'd the rose by its breath unfurl'd :—

Bright were the eyes of the lovely then,

To welcome the wanderer back again.

Lit by its wand, the watch-light Hope

Shone through the night of future years,

Bidding the wretched and lonely grope

Cheerily on thro' sighs and tears,

M

And spreading before their ardent eyes
Lovelier suns and brighter skies.

Autumn, where are thy promis'd joys ?
The blasted leaf, as it flies thro' air,
Drops to the earth with a rustling noise—
No promise of embryo bliss is there !
What says the blighted, withering flower,
Of fairy scenes, in a future hour ?

Autumn, I love thee !—still thou art
The larum-bell of the loveliest things ;
Thou speak'st of the fall of the warmest heart,
Of the blighting which years on our best hope flings :
Lovely, yet sad, is the autumn hour,
Like the dew which adorns, yet blasts the flow'r.

SONG.

I HAVE seen a Rose so fair,
 That to pluck it seem'd a sin :
 Ah, such soft hues blended there !
 But—it was decay'd within.

I have seen another Rose,
 Pale and lonely—yet so rare,
 Any would have spurn'd its foes :
 But—a bee was cherish'd there.

And another I have seen—

Bright with morning's purest gem—

Lovely was its red and green :

But—a thorn was on its stem.

I have found a flower of morn,

Blending all the charms of three ;

With no blight, no bee, no thorn—

LADY, think that flower is **THEE**.

THE FAIREST LAND.

SWEET are your flowers, the wanderer said,
 And sweetly they breathe thro' the lucid air,
 But what are their hues, or the sweets they shed,
 To the flowers of a land more fair.

Bright are your skies—but a land I knew,
 Far back, in the years of a happier time,
 With lovelier suns, and heavens more blue
 Than the loveliest day of your clime.

Pure is yon stream, and the sun-beam glows

Brightly upon its swelling wave :

I know where a purer fountain flows,

And more radiant sun-beams lave

There are eyes of light in your land, whose

Can kindle a transient, meteor flame,

Which round the heart for a moment plays,

And never is felt again !

O there is one, in the distant land,

Who moves in the sphere of a thousand charms !—

The blended spells of your brightest band

One thought of that fair disarms.

There is a land to the wanderer dear,

Tho' far, far away his footsteps roam ;

Its memory is cherish'd with many a tear,

And that fairest of lands is HOME !

THE SPANISH IMITATED.

"LADY, by that trembling Star,
Smiling on us from afar,
Swear you love me, and I'll be
Sun and Moon and Star to thee.

If you love me, tell me so ;—
Say you love me ere I go :
Swear it by that crimson ray
Slumb'ring on the couch of day."

" I would love thee ; but, you know,
If I do, and " tell you so," \

Transient then would be thy love
As that fading light above.

Man forgets us, when we tell
- That we love him, and how well :—
Not to be forgotten so
Ever will I tell thee—No !"

WE MEET TO PART.

I HAVE met the lovely, the good, and gay,
 With welcoming eye, and glowing heart :
 They shone on the gloom of my lonely way
 Like the vestal beams of the morning ray,
 As the shadows of night depart.

But some repose where the long grass waves,
 And drearily sighs to the fitful wind ;
 And there, in those lonely, populous caves,
 Which the cankering earth-worm only braves,
 A visionless rest they find.

And some have gone o'er the pathless sea,
Chasing a phantom sought in vain !—
Know ye not, vain ones ! joy will flee
To the shrouded realms of eternity,
Leaving you sorrow and pain.

And some have faded and wither'd away,
Till no trace remained of what they were :—
'Tis sad to behold the frame decay,
Till the dormant soul can disclose no ray
To tell us a soul is there.

Ah, who would wish in this changing place
To combat the cares of a thousand years ?
Since rapture but smiles at our bootless chase,
And of all we lov'd there remains no trace,
When the shadow of time appears !

TELL ME NOT.

STELLA.

Love, they say, is void of sight—

Like the moon o'er yonder mountains,
Which throws its pale and wardering light
On muddy, as on spotless fountains.

MILO.

Tell me not Love hath no eyes,

When from thine I see him peeping ;
Should Angel swear it from the skies,
I'll not believe—till thou art sleeping.

144 MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

STELLA.

Love hath pinions prone to fly—

Love, the young heart's fairy dreaming :

Hearts change—the boy those wings may try ,

Dreams die as infant day is beaming.

MILO.

O tell me not that Love hath wings !—

Love like mine can perish never ;

Yet, if he hath, take Hymen's strings,

And bind them to his sides forever.

THE MANIAC.

HER foot was light, as when it flew
 In rapture through the mazy dance ;
 Her form as agile, and as true
 To reason seem'd her hurried glance ;
 Her brow as smooth, her cheek as fair,
 As pure the lustre of her eye ;
 And her sweet lip—the smile was there,
 Smiling at scenes in days gone by :—

N

She seem'd the sweetest, happiest thing
Within earth's round of sorrowing.

I've seen the evening sunbeams light
In glory on the burnish'd skies,
And in the eastern dun the bright
And glorious Hesperus arise :—
Her kindling eye was on that heaven,
And seem'd to drink the calm of even ;—
She touch'd the dew-drop on the bough,
And lightly said, with laughing brow,
“ My wreath has lost its fragrant pride—
“ My little flowrets all have died.”

And when among the young and gay,
With those to whom that wildered one
Was dearer than the solar ray,
Her smile and eyes of radiance shone

As fair as in those halcyon days,
Ere blighted hope her thoughts had shaded ;
But still the burthen'd heart would raise
Its clear, sad tone—" My dowers have faded."

These words alone were seen to move
From off those lips their placid smile ;
No sigh, no tear e'er came to prove
The ruin wrought within, the while.
And I have seen her pluck young flowers,
Still cool, and fresh with morning dew,
And tripping thro' the rosy bowers,
Where early scenes in rapture flew,
Her heart would mourn its blossoms sere
In the light tone of buoyant cheer.

This single plaint, the only token
To tell us that young heart was broken.

And when the last frail chord did sever,
To set the caged spirit free,
That lip and cheek were bright as ever,
In the past days of festive glee :
The smile was there as beautiful,
And the vermilion lingered yet ;—
So shine the skies, as fair and full
Of glory, when the sun has set,
At that still, silent hour when even
Comes with its shades o'er earth and heaven.

SONG.

THE morning rose is fair,
 With its young leaves,
 As thro' the lucid air
 Its fragrance breathes ;
 Yet, pluck'd and handled o'er,
 The little fragile flower
 Retains the charm no more
 Which nature weaves.

The waveless flood which lies

On yonder shore,

Reflecting sun and skies,

Is bright no more,

When little wanton boys,

Still blest with boisterous joys,

'There ply their gaudy toys

Its surface o'er.

And there was round thee, Love,

A charm, which stole,

E'en from its source above,

The wildered soul ;

Yet, when thy smiles on all

Thus undistinguish'd fall,

The heart disdains the thrall

Of love's controul.

The vexed flood may lie

A waveless plain—

The rose may fade and die,

And bloom again :—

And I will sigh for thee,

For thou wast dear to me,

But time shall never free

Thy snow from stain.

TO MAIA.

ON A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO WAS DUMB.

HER form, so exquisitely fine,
Was Nature's fairest, best design,
Ne'er deviating from the line
Of peerless beauty.

Her auburn hair, her polish'd brow,
Her eye, which shamed the vestal's vow,
Her lip, her cheek, her neck of snow,
Were fairy sweetness.

But Nature will'd perfection rare—
 And tho' each charm seem'd blended there,
 She knew that MAIA was as fair,
 As bright and winning.

Long Nature held the forming clay :
 What could she add—my fair one say ?—
 She stole the power of speech away,
 And left perfection !

SONG.

HOPE may set for ever—

Joy and mirth depart—

Yet, my constant heart

Shall forget thee never, never.

Time and space may sever—

Years may intervene—

Seas may roll between ;

Yet, will I forget thee never.

TELL HER NOT.

TELL her not, thou new-blown flower,
When she seeks, at evening hour,
This retired and silent bower—

Tell her not of me :
Say not that before those eyes
All my soul subjected lies,
Nor even sighs to be free.

Tell her not, young rose, that I
Sweetly dream, and waking, sigh,
That such visions quickly fly—

Leaving nought behind
Of their mystic witchery,
Of their transient ecstasy,
Within the bosom enshrin'd.

Tell her not, her breath to me

Is the air of Araby,

Borne by zephyr's revelry ;

Whisper not, the hair,

Clustering on her shining brow,

Shows like wreaths of jet on snow,

Slumbering in beauty there.

Tell no tale of love, sweet rose,

At the evening's silent close :—

Whisper not my heart's wild throes

In the frequent sigh :—

Tell her none of these, young flower,

At the evening's silent hour—

For if you do, *you will lie !*

AWAY WITH CARE.

Away with care !—The rose's bloom
Is brighter when the storm is over,
And nature spreads her midnight gloom
The morning flowers with gems to cover.

Away with care !—Let love around
The heart entwine its sweetest roses,
Till every fiercer pulse be bound,
Till every jarring cord reposes.

Away with care—Away with care !—
Look on yon pure and star-lit heaven :
Life shall be bright as Hesper there—
Calm as the blended sweets of even.

THE LIGHTS OF LIFE.

Youth hath its burning, fiery light,
Beckoning from afar :
Remote, yet steadily pure and bright,
Like the point of the distant star.

Manhood, too, with his lofty brow,
Treads by a fitful glare ;
Like the sun on waves of glazed snow,
Like the flame on the midnight air.

And age, ev'n age, hath its dormant ray ;
But, like the fire of the stone,
It sparkles a moment, then dies away—
And the Lights of Life are gone.

TO MR. J. TURNEY,
ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

THE sweetest flower
That decks the lonely vale, or mountain height,
Pluck'd ere its hour,
But 'scapes the withering wind and season's blight

Why ask its stay,
Till all its sweets and beauteous hues are fled,
To pass away
With none to weep upon its lowly bed ?

Few years are mine ;
Yet, I have seen a thousand beauteous things
Around me shine—
Then pass away on swift and noiseless wings.

Yes, let them go—
The fair, the manly, and the dearly lov'd—
From burning wo
It is not meet to wish them not remov'd.

Yet, round the heart
Shall memory draw its lov'd and wither'd flowers—
Never to part
While life shall measure forth its hated hours.

The sweetest flower
That decks the lonely vale, or mountain height,
Pluck'd ere its hour,
But 'scapes the withering wind and season's blight

INSCRIPTION.

FATHER, Mother ! sigh nor tear
 Shed in anguish on my bier ;
 Why regret that I should go
 Early from a world of wo ?

Parents, children, death can sever
 For a season—not forever ;
 When the storms of life are o'er,
 All shall meet to part no more.

SONNET.

TO MR. JOHN BURKE.

IN dawning life, I said, if fortune throw
One generous heart upon my opening path—
One heart, where Friendship's gentle flowrets hath
A genial soil wherein to spring and grow—
Life shall be made of light and lovely things—
All hope and gladness.—And, in journeying on,
Such did I find in thee ; but thou art gone,
Following the track of fortune's wanderings.
BURKE ! I would wish thee all that thy young heart
And manly spirit merits—halcyon days,
And sunny smiles, and golden hopes, which raise
From life's despondency, and steal a part
Of those convulsions which must come to thee,
On time's tempestuous and deceitful sea.

TO ELLA.

SEE yon bank of virgin snow

Gather'd by the biting blast :

Pure and cold—yet bright its glow

As the sunbeam o'er it pass'd.

But when warmer sunbeams shine,

And Euroclydon shall fail,

That shall melt, and wild-flowers twine

Where it murmurs through the vale.

Like that bank is Ella's mind—

Pure as angels' holiest dream ;

And to passions unrefin'd,

Cold as Dian's midnight beam.

Yet, when pity's welcome gleam

Found that heart of spotless snow,

I have seen the lucent stream

From its yielding fountains flow.

Beauty, like the morning sky,

Charms with evanescent hues ,

Which, when Sol appears on high,

Perish with their twin-born dews.

Like the shining, spotless blue,

Spreading o'er yon boundless heaven,

Virtue's everduring hue

Brightens at the close of even.

LINES

ON SEEING A STRAWBERRY BLOSSOM IN AUTUMN.

WANDERER from the sun-lit bowers,
Where Spring reclines mid a thousand flowers,
Why hast thou left thy lowly bed ?—
The Autumn blast is upon thy head ;
And blighting storms, on their sable wings,
Have swept o'er the tomb of all lovely things.

Come ye to cherish the vision of days,
When the sun sent forth his glorious rays,

On mountain, valley, and lucid stream,
In many a waving, golden gleam,
Piercing the wild-wood's leafy wreath,
And dancing in chequers underneath ?

Days of joy ! when the morning light
Came on the earth in glory bright—
Azure, crimson, and liquid gold ;
And the flowers pelucid dew's infold,
In each fragrant, silk-envelop'd cell,
O'er burnish'd hill and shadowy dell.

Hours of light ! when the sunny gleam
Slept upon lake and lucid stream,
Pure as the spirit free from sins—
Where the fishes floated on crimson fins,
And the fragrant lily bent to dip
The snowy film of its parted lip.

Eyes of bliss ! when the weary eye—
Weary with scenes of misery—
Rests on the beauteous hues, which rise
As sinks the sun from the western skies ;
And the listless, wounded, desolate breast
Feels for a moment it *may* be blest.

Not long that vision of bliss can last—
Not long the dream of the summer past ;
For the blast has breath'd on this frail young flower
And wither'd its loveliness in an hour :
So falls the blighting of sorrow's sway
On the beautiful forms of the young and gay

SLANDER.

LET gout, and stone, and spleen by day,
Conspire to show me fouler play
Than e'er did fox, a goose or gander ;
Let pains rheumatic, and the itch
Deform my skin, my muscles twitch,
But save me from the tongue of slander.

Let ghostly visions haunt my sleep,
And drive me headlong down the steep,
Or bare through nettles make me wander ;
Let devils blue, and gray, and black,
Ride me, and lash my reeking back,
But spare me from the tongue of slander.

Let doctors vex me with their skill,
And freely use their art—to kill ;
I'll not refuse to be trepann'd, or
With powders, pills, and plasters plied;
Pukes, patches, poultices, beside,
If plagued with the disease of slander.

This is the mildew of the soul,
Forever marring joy's controul—
This is the misbegotten pander,
Who raises to our forc'd embrace
Foul shame and infamous disgrace—
This is the fiendish work of slander.

It is the solemn knell of all
Our noblest hopes :—It is the call
Bidding the desperate heart to wander
O'er wastes, which it hath never known,
Until its all of life had flown
At the invidious touch of slander.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

YOUTHFUL hope is an evening sky,

Gemm'd with many a golden light ;

But gaze not, Lady, too fondly on high,

For clouds and tempests in ambush lie,

To deform the lovely and bright.

Yet, might the wish of a stranger rise,

Cloud nor spot should ever appear

On thy calm and beautiful skies,

To veil one ray of those luminous eyes

Beaming in glory there.

Youthful hope is a mountain flower,
 Cherish'd beneath the wild-tree's shade ;—
 Come but the mid-day sun for an hour,
 Frost, or blight, or the tempest's power,
 And the beautiful flower will fade.

Yet, may the pure, bright flowers of thy heart
 Flourish in delicate beauty long ;
 Far from the tempest's breath apart,
 And guarded from each malignant dart
 By a shade both deep and strong.

Youthful hope is a placid stream,
 Moving in beauty thro' the vale ;—
 But trust not, Lady, its silvery gleam,
 As it flows in music along, nor deem
 Its bosom ne'er heav'd by a gale.

Yet, for thee, may that treacherous tide

Be broken by rocks and tempests never ;—

Kissing the wild flowers on its side,

Reflecting the heavens' unclouded pride,

May it journey in peace forever.

THE END.

MS.

as tide

never ;—

e,

pride,

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